

HOW CLEVELAND CAN GET THIN.  
Advice from experts written for  
THE SUNDAY WORLD

PRICE ONE CENT.

# Saturday and Sunday==World's House and Home Days.

LAST EDITION  
EIGHT PAGES.

## EULALIA LEAVES US.

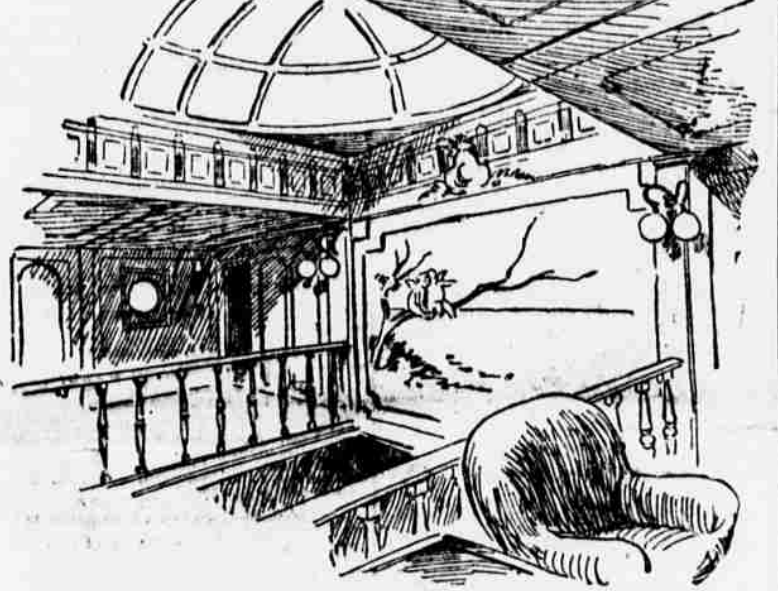
The Spanish Infanta Sails To-Day on La Touraine.

A Royal Suit of Rooms Prepared for Her Occupancy.

Big Crowd at the Pier to Bid Her Bon Voyage.

The wide space at the foot of Morton street fronting on West street was filled at an early hour this morning by a multitude of people anxious to witness the departure of H. R. H. Princess Eulalia.

The distinguished Spaniard had arranged to sail, was gayly decorated with flags and bunting.



Princess Eulalia on the ship La Touraine, surrounded by a crowd on the pier.

and the people who obtained admission to the pier were entertained by an excellent concert, given by La Touraine's orchestra. Those who were fortunate enough to get on board the vessel went at once to the rooms selected for the Infanta. They are on the promenade deck just amidships, and are admirably suited to the wants of the party.

The Infanta has the chambre de luxe No. 630, on the starboard side. It extends half way across the beam of the ship. Even royally could ask for nothing better in the way of appointments.

A door from the exclusive promenade deck



The Infanta's stateroom, showing a large bed and ornate furniture.

opens into a nearly appointed sitting-room. This is furnished in cherry and has any number of cozy easy chairs and lounges.

From the sitting-room a door leads directly to the Infanta's stateroom. A palace could hardly offer her anything more magnificent.

Plate-glass mirrors to the number of three will reflect the color of the sea and the brightness of the sky through as many portals as the Infanta's stateroom has.

The door is covered with rich velvet carpet, and six trunks containing the Infanta's wardrobe are being a small steamer trunk.

The room occupied by the Infanta was a stateroom, and the stateroom was a stateroom.

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## SORROW IN BRITAIN.

Intense Grief Everywhere Over the Victoria Disaster.

Anxious Throngs and Pitiful Scenes at the Admiralty Office.

Vice-Admiral Tryon Died After Being Taken from the Water.

LONDON, June 24.—It would be hard to describe the feeling that prevails everywhere in the Kingdom in regard to the calamity that has befallen the country through the loss of the battleship Victoria, off Tripoli, Syria, and the drowning of so many of her officers and crew.

Sorrow for the dead and sympathy for the relatives and friends of those who went down with the ship are widespread.

In some quarters a certain amount of indignation is expressed that such an accident should occur. But so far as known there is no foundation for this feeling.

The lack of details, caused by the remoteness of the scene of the disaster, allows of no expression of definite opinion, and full reports of the accident are eagerly awaited.

It is not believed that a full story of the sad affair can be obtained until the arrival at Malta of the Camperdown, which ran into the Victoria, or of some other vessel belonging to the British Mediterranean Squadron, conveying survivors from the lost ship.

A special staff of officials was kept on duty all night at the Admiralty Office at Whitehall for the purpose of receiving any official despatches that might arrive. The only information received, however, was the name of some of those who had been saved, and that only came to hand at 6.30 o'clock this morning.

In the meantime an immense crowd gathered about the Admiralty Office eager to grasp any scrap of information.

In the crowd were many sad-faced women and children and young girls whose husbands and fathers had been members of the ill-fated crew.

Hundreds of persons living in the provinces, who had relatives on board the Victoria, could not wait at home for the receipt of further news of the disaster. As soon as they heard of the foundering of the ship, they took trains for London in the belief that they would soon learn whether their loved ones had escaped or gone down with the ship.

Many of these came silently throughout the night, their drawn faces and despondent attitudes showing the great mental strain they were undergoing. It was a sad scene, and one that will not readily be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

For the benefit of those far from the bulletin boards men read aloud the news of the disaster, and many a man found that he was not alone in his grief.

Others were more violent in their demonstrations of sorrow, while still others, who had been told that the ship was on duty in the vicinity of the coast, were more violent in their demonstrations of sorrow.

One of the most touching scenes of the night was when some one in the crowd heard the name of his wife, father of his child, and he was replaced with a smile and a brightening of his eyes.

He found that he was not alone in his grief, and he was replaced with a smile and a brightening of his eyes.

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## SHOT AND ROBBED.

George Smith Meets Footpads in Lorimer Street, Brooklyn.

Got a Bullet Below the Heart for Trying to Run Away.

He Is in St. Catherine's Hospital in a Dying Condition.

George Smith, twenty-three years old, of 11 Withers street, Williamsburg, is in a dying condition in St. Catherine's Hospital.

At 1 o'clock this morning Smith, who is a fireman employed on the Broadway Elevated Railroad, while walking on Lorimer street, near Meserole, Brooklyn, was accosted by two men who asked him for a dollar.

"It was a lonely spot where I was, and no policeman was in sight," said Smith in the hospital to-day, "so I started to run. They came after me, and one of them, a tall man who had only one eye, shot me with a revolver. Then he and his companion robbed me and ran away. The other fellow was short and stout and rather stupid looking."

A policeman who heard the shooting ran up to the spot, but too late to be of any assistance. Smith was removed to St. Catherine's Hospital, where it was found that the bullet had entered just below the heart, and that his chances of recovery were very slight indeed.

During the day two men were arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the robbery, but Smith said that neither of them had anything to do with it.

One was Charles Broth, twenty-four years old, of 109 Johnson avenue, and the other day City Dog Catcher John Daly, who was taken into custody because he is a big one-eyed man.

STABBED IN A PRIZE FIGHT.

Weeks Was Getting Worsted and Cut Davis in the Arm.

William Davis, twenty-eight years old, of 79 Pike street, better known in Cherry Hill as Buffalo Davis, is lying in Gouverneur Hospital suffering from a stab wound in the left arm.

His assailant, Edward Weeks, the twenty-one-year-old wayward son of Keeper Weeks, of Essex Market Prison, was remanded this morning to await the result of Davis's injuries, which are said to be serious.

Weeks and Davis fought for the championship of Cherry Hill late last night in a prize fight at the Casino.

Surrounded by half of the sporting elite, the fight was a close one.

After fighting three rounds Weeks, who was getting the worst of the battle, found himself cornered.

Davis, who caught the blade in his left arm, he shouted for help and the fight was stopped.

Heard his cries, found him almost unconscious from loss of blood, and soon afterwards Weeks was taken into custody.

MORE BREAKS IN THE LEVEES.

Mississippi at the Highest Point Ever Recorded in New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, June 24.—Two crevasses were reported yesterday. The levee opposite Rescue Plantation, a few miles above Plaquemine, broke, and last night it was 125 feet wide. Efforts to close it thus far have not been successful.

The big surge of water of Acadian and Iberville will suffer severely. The other break occurred two miles above Thibodaux on the east bank, and is thirty feet wide. It will be closed.

The river in this city reached its highest point yesterday afternoon, still rising. Points above also report rises.

GERMAN BY-ELECTIONS.

Offenburg Returns a Centrist and Hanau a Conservative.

BERLIN, June 24.—The second ballot to decide who should represent Offenburg, Baden, in the Reichstag, was held yesterday, and resulted in the return of the Centrist candidate, Herr Maximilian Heilrich, by a majority of 628 over Herr von Schenker, the candidate of the National Liberals.

The second ballot in Hanau, Hesse-Nassau, has resulted in the defeat of Eduard Koch, the Social Democratic candidate, by Burgomaster Stroh, Conservative.

CONTRACTOR LENNON ARRESTED.

Hit a Policeman Who Tried to Quell a Family Row.

Contractor Edward Lennon, thirty years old, of 415 Degraw street, Brooklyn, was under arrest this morning charged with assaulting Policeman Mannix, of the Butler street station.

Lennon was quarrelling with his mother and sister in the hallway of their home last night when Mannix tried to quell the disturbance. Lennon struck the officer with his hat and the men fled.

After a short fight Lennon was overpowered and taken to the station house.

## THE COMING OF THE GAEKWAR.

Wants a Policeman Punished for Striking Him in the Mouth.

He Says He Was the Victim of an Outrage on an L Platform.

George Carter, forty-two years old, a steward on Mr. G. H. Belcher's yacht Thistle, was a prisoner in the Tombs Court this morning. He was accused of having created a disturbance at the terminus of the "L" road at South Ferry last night.

Carter has been in this country for fifteen years, but he got a forcible lesson last night as to the proper way of riding in the "L" trains.

Carter's story, as told to the Court, was as follows:

"I went to my home at 212 East Thirty-sixth street, last night, and from there I went to a drug store at Fifty-third street and Madison avenue, to get some bandages, which were wanted on the yacht. My employer, Mr. Belcher, lives at Fifty-fourth street and Madison avenue."

While walking from the drug store to the Fifty-third street station of the Third Avenue Railroad, I was very tired and fell asleep, and although I wanted to get off at Fifty-fourth street I did not know where to get off.

I was shaken up by a trainman at South Ferry. He told me I should go and buy a ticket, but I tendered him a five-cent piece and he refused to take it. We were on the platform. He twisted my arm up behind my back and hit me a blow in the face.

"I was perfectly sober, and he took me to the Old Slip station. I asked him to let me go, but he said I was drunk and I remained in the cell all night."

Policeman Charles Lyons, who made the arrest, is a young officer, who has been on the force about two years. He is a son of the old Broadway square policeman who was known as "Lord Lyons," and who, since he resigned from the force, has been employed as janitor at 156 Broadway.

Lyons denied that he went on the platform at Fifty-third street to get a ticket, but he said he used no undue force to take Carter to the lockup.

Judge Martin then heard the complaint of Henry Holt, the platform man, who said that the defendant was very troublesome and refused to buy a ticket.

Bolt said the officer did not come on the platform.

Carter was fined \$5. He paid the fine under protest, and said that he would prefer charges against the officer before the Police Commissioners.

SWINBURNE ISLAND DEATHS.

Two, Not Eight, and Neither Was Suspicious.

A report reached this city this morning that during the past week there have been eight deaths of a suspicious nature on Swinburne Island. Health Officer Jenkins positively denied this story when seen by an "Evening World" reporter.

"We have only had two deaths altogether on the island," he said, "one of a man from ordinary causes, and the other that of a child. Neither was in any way suspicious."

"We have altogether thirteen suspicious persons on the island now, some of whom, who were brought here from South American ports, may, we think, have Chagres fever."

Mrs. Victor's Head Sewed Up.

A doctor from the Gouverneur Hospital has taken three stitches in the head and one in the nose of Anne Victor, the woman who was brutally assaulted yesterday afternoon in her home 39 East Broadway, by sewing-machine agent George Whelan. She expects to become a member this week.

The doctor does not fear any harm to the child.



A man in a top hat and coat, possibly a detective or a gentleman, standing in a room.

## FATHER KNICKERBOCKER—"I say, Tom, this is the hardest job we've struck yet."

STEWART CARTER'S CHARGES. CAPT. SMITH PUT UNDER BAIL.

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THE STRONGEST MAN MEASURED.  
Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, examines Sandow for  
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## SHOT HIMSELF DEAD.

Shoemaker Lloyd Commits Suicide in His Little Shop.

Placed a Pail at His Bedside to Catch the Blood.

Dependency Over the Death of His Wife Caused the Deed.

Isaac Lloyd, a shoemaker doing business at Frankfort street, committed suicide this morning by shooting himself in the mouth with a 22-calibre revolver.

He had evidently contemplated the deed for at least a week, and he made arrangements with scrupulous care and remarkable coolness.

Lloyd occupied the whole ground floor of the building which was partitioned off into three small rooms, the middle and rear ones being occupied as sleeping apartments by Frank Olsen, who had been in his employ for the last three years, and James Chappell, a painter.

Lloyd occupied a cot in the rear room with Olsen since the death of his wife eighteen months ago in St. Luke's Hospital after an operation.

Lloyd brooded over her death and frequently expressed the wish that he, too, might die. His health gradually failed, and last March he was seized with an attack of lumbago. He had almost recovered from that disease a month ago when he was stricken with inflammation of the bowels, which he could not resist.

Although suffering excruciating agony he refused medical aid, and it was only by force that the medicine was administered.

During last week he was able to be around his little shop, which was greatly preoccupied, and he talked considerably of the lonely life of a childless widower, and berated the Providence that continued his life. Olsen, his faithful helper, exerted himself to cheer him up, but to no avail.

"I don't think I am long for this life," said the discouraged and disheartened man, addressing Olsen, "and I want to arrange my business once more, so that my funeral is conducted with as little expense as possible, and what is left I will give to my old mother."

Lloyd then shook hands with Olsen and bade him good-bye.

Chappell, in the mean time, went to bed in a cot behind the counter, which extended crossways in front of the partition, and Olsen went to bed at 11 o'clock.

Lloyd brought his cot from the rear room and placed it near the front door. He also brought the pail used for soaking leather and placed it at the head of the bed, and he placed a pail at the head of the bed, and he placed a pail at the head of the bed.

The man had accomplished his own destruction just as he had planned.

The police station was notified, and at 6 o'clock this morning the body was removed to the morgue.

Lloyd was a Welshman and has lived in this city for twenty-five years. He began his business career on Broadway near Canal street twelve years ago. He was a shoemaker by trade, and he established a reputation that brought him a large custom, from which he realized a comfortable income.

He branched out on a capital of \$2,500 in 1885, by opening a boarding and lodging house in the rear of the building, which proved a failure, and he moved to 77 Frankfort street, where rent was cheaper at that time.

He retained many of his old customers among them being Police Commissioner, John H. Jones, and the late John H. Jones. He was also the New York agent for the Peels, shoemakers of the royal family.

In April it is said, he walked out in the Brooklyn Bridge with the intention of jumping over the railing to his death. Later he tried suicide by chloroform, but it failed.

His only relatives are a brother in Wales and a sister in London. Neither of their addresses is known.

SAYS HE IS BUTCHER DONOVAN.

Would-Be Suicide Getting Well at the Staten Island Infirmary.

The stranger who shot himself in the head with suicidal intent yesterday afternoon while seated on the Rosebank station of the Staten Island Rapid Transit Railroad is this morning much improved at the S. I. Smith Infirmary.

He says he is Thomas Donovan, a butcher, and that he lives in Brooklyn. He refused to give his address.

Thomas Donovan, butcher, appears in the Brooklyn Directory.

HIGGINS A FREE MAN.

Acquitted of the Charge that He Helped Kill Arnold.

LONG ISLAND CITY, June 24.—The friends of Harry Higgins are jubilant to-day on account of his acquittal last evening on the charge of killing Watchman Helman C. Arnold.

Higgins took the announcement of his liberty more unconcernedly than any one else and left the Court-house with his wife and daughter.

Fire on a Turbostat.

Early this morning a fire occurred in the cabin of the tugboat Glen Hooding, at pier 12, North River, doing \$500 damage. Cause unknown.